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GAMBIER OBSERVER

AND WESTERN CHURCH JOURNAL.

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH—TRUTH AND LOVE.

GEORGE W. MYERS, PRINTER.

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GAMBIER, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1839.

WHOLE NUMBER 480.

OBSERVER AND JOURNAL.

TERMS.

TERMS.—The GAMBIER OBSERVER AND WESTERN CHURCH JOURNAL is published weekly at the Western Church Press, Gambier, Ohio, on the following terms: \$2, in advance, or \$2 50 in six months, or \$3, at the close of the year.—These conditions, as essential to the support of the establishment, will in all cases hereafter be adhered to.

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Letters relating in any way to the concerns of the Observer and Journal, must be addressed to the Editor.

All letters unless containing \$10, or the names of five new subscribers, must be post-paid.

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The printing of Books and Pamphlets, and every description of Job Work, will be executed in the best style and with promptness and accuracy at the Western Church Press.

From the Journal of the General Convention.

REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE CHURCH.

CONNECTICUT.

Since the last session of the General Convention, the state of the Church in Connecticut has been gradually and steadily improving. Three new parishes have been organized, and admitted into union with the diocese; thirteen new churches have been consecrated; twenty-five persons have been admitted to the holy order of Deacons, and twenty-four to the priesthood; and there are now twenty-five candidates for the ministry. But notwithstanding the number of ordinations, there has been but little increase of the resident clergy; the whole present number being but eighty-five, or an increase of three since the last General Convention. Seven have been removed by death, while many have been called to labor in other dioceses, and in the various missionary fields occupied by the Church.

The whole number of persons confirmed, is 1204. But with regard to the number of families, baptisms, communicants, marriages, burials, and Sunday school teachers and scholars, it is evident that the parochial reports published in the journal of the Convention, give but a partial view: there being several parishes for which no reports are presented, and others where the reports are very imperfect. Whole number of baptisms reported since the last General Convention, (including four sessions of the Diocesan Convention,) adults, 410; children, 1854; added to the communion, 1448; died or removed, 755; marriages, 892; burials, 1345; families reported at the last Diocesan Convention, 4505; communicants, 4530; Sunday school teachers, 673; scholars, 3930. The aggregate of charitable and missionary contributions and offerings, is \$24,988 18. After some partial experiments on the plan of systematic charity by monthly offerings, its advantages have appeared so evident, that the Convention has recommended and urged its adoption by every parish in the diocese.

In the great and important business of education, the State of Connecticut has always maintained a distinguished rank. But hitherto her institutions of learning have been almost exclusively in the hands of those who dissent from the doctrines, and from the principles of the ecclesiastical polity of our Church. But a different state of things now exists: Episcopalians are no longer compelled to seek for education in these institutions. Washington College, at Hartford, is taking a highly creditable stand among the literary institutions of the country; and besides affording the very best facilities for academical learning, is opening to young men designed for the ministry every possible advantage. Through the aid of the Church Scholarship Society, several candidates are annually sent forth from the institution to prosecute their theological studies, and to prepare themselves for the work of the ministry. Of the seventy-three students connected with the college during the past year, thirty-eight were communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church; eight of these received pecuniary aid from the Church Scholarship Society. It is to be regretted, however, that with all these advantages, Washington College does not receive from Episcopalians the support and patronage to which it is justly entitled. For the sake of some imaginary benefit, which is seldom or never realized, many candidates for our ministry are still to be found pursuing their education in institutions where there is a constant tendency, if not a settled design, to excite unfavorable prejudices with regard to the Church. It is altogether to be regretted, that the means of the Church Scholarship Society are too limited to afford all the benefit that might result from a more liberal endowment.

The Episcopal Academy, at Cheshire, which had been neglected to languish for many years, is now revived and re-organized, under an able and efficient principal; and as one of the best preparatory schools, it proves a valuable auxiliary to the college and the Church.

NEW YORK.

Since the last General Convention, there has been an increase in the diocese of 64 clergymen and 33 congregations.

It consists at present of 256 clergymen, (the bishop, 224 priests, and 31 deacons), and of 238 congregations.

Sixty-six persons have been ordained deacons, of whom 36 are alumni of the General Theological Seminary.

Fifty-nine deacons have been ordained priests.

The number of missionaries at present employed in and under the authority of the diocese is 56.

The number of candidates for orders is 50, of whom 27 are students, and one is an alumnus of the General Theological Seminary.

Six of the clergy of this diocese have departed this life. Nineteen clergymen have been instituted into parochial charges.

Forty-six churches have been consecrated.

Three thousand four hundred and eighty-eight persons have been confirmed.

The Episcopal fund having been completed by the liberality of Trinity Church, in the city of New York, the bishop is now supported from that source, and has ceased to have any special parochial connection.

Although there is a vast territory within this diocese, calling loudly for missionary labor, there are in it but very few vacant parishes—there never having been a period when it was so fully supplied with pastoral ministrations; and these ministrations happily appear to have been much blessed. A practical sense of religious and moral obligation and responsibility has evidently increased; and the only true principles on which this can be maintained—those of the Gospel of Christ—have a decidedly strengthened influence among its members.

Baptisms, (adults 932, children 5816, not specified 1270,) 3018; communicants, 12,072; marriages, 3058; funerals, 5226; Sunday scholars, 11,527; Sunday school teachers, 1525.

NEW JERSEY.

There are at present forty clergymen—the bishop, 33 presbyters, and 6 deacons—and 40 organized parishes.—There are 39 commodious churches, and one is in progress. Since the last General Convention, 11 churches have been consecrated, and five new parishes have been organized.—There have been added to the diocese, by ordination, 7 presbyters, and 4 deacons, and by transfer, 4 presbyters and 2 deacons; 11 deacons have been ordained priests; 5 rectors have been instituted. There have been removed from the diocese, the Rev. Hewlett R. Peters, the Rev. George S. Porter, the Rev. William I. Kip, the Rev. Henry M. Mason, the Rev. William Douglas, and the Rev. Joseph Wolff. Two have died, the Rev. Benjamin Holmes and the Rev. J. Loring Woart. The number of candidates for orders is 13.

There have been 1054 baptisms, of which 887 were infants. There have been 408 persons confirmed. The number of communicants reported in 1836 was 1075; in 1837, 1155; in 1838, 1227. The missionary income of the diocese has been \$4907 82, being the "offerings of the Church" for missions within the diocese. The contribution to the Board of Missions have been 1200 dollars. There have been collections in the parishes for the General Theological Seminary. The Episcopal fund amounts to \$3706. The capital of the Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and piety, is \$1568. The fund for the relief of the widows and children of deceased clergymen, amounts to \$17,000.

The Divine Head of the Church has been graciously pleased to bless the efforts and prayers of his members and people in this portion of the vineyard, manifesting fruits of increase to his eternal glory and praise. Evidences of this are seen in the increase of the clergy, of the churches, and of the communicants, as reported above. There has also been a great increase of zeal and devotion in the clergy, and a corresponding improvement in the spiritual character of the parishes. A good work is evidently begun, which, if we are faithful, the Lord will surely carry on and bless. The greater attention of the clergy to the primitive institution of public catechizing, may be indicated as one of the most effectual means.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Diocese of Pennsylvania consists of eighty-six clergymen, (the bishop, 75 presbyters, and 10 deacons), and ninety-nine parishes; being 10 clergymen and 13 parishes more than were reported to the last General Convention.

Besides the Right Rev. William White, the senior bishop who expired on the 17th of July, 1836, the following clergymen have died since the last Triennial Convention, viz. John W. James, Cyrus Jacobs, Francis Reno, John S. Breneman, Bennet Glover, and John Taylor; 13 churches have been duly organized, and received into union with the Convention.

Nineteen persons have been ordained deacons, of whom thirteen were alumni of the General Theological Seminary.

Seventeen deacons have been ordained priests. One priest, the Rev. Samuel A. McCosky, has been consecrated to the Episcopacy for the Diocese of Michigan.—Five clergymen have been instituted. One clergyman, S. C. Freeman, has been displaced from the ministry.

The number of candidates for orders, is 24. The number of missionaries at present employed in the diocese, is 23.

Ten new church edifices, and five old ones, enlarged or renewed, have been consecrated: 3361 infants, and 620 adults have been baptized; 1777 persons have been confirmed; and 79,500 dollars have been contributed by the congregations of this diocese, for various objects connected with religion and the Church.

The number of communicants, as reported to the last Diocesan Convention, is 5781.

The number of Sunday schools is 118; of Sunday school teachers, is 1031; and of Sunday school scholars, 3288. The fund for the support of the Episcopate, consists of the legacies of Andrew Dox, amounting to \$4,701 33 and Dr. Joseph Pilmore, \$7,969 12; also, of the sum, of \$16,102 04, a capital raised by annual collections, in the different churches, and of a loan without interest of \$30,000.

The quota of this diocese towards defraying the expenses of the General Convention, has been paid in full to the present time. The Society for the Advancement of Christianity, still continues its valuable labors, enabling the diocese to enjoy the services of 23 missionaries. Auxiliary to it, the Female Tract Society sends forth annually, a great number of useful and edifying tracts. The Education Committee of the same, sustains at present 5 beneficiaries preparing for the ministry, two of whom are in the General Theological Seminary. The Diocesan Sunday School Society continues, its important efforts to promote the interest of the Episcopal Sunday schools in the diocese, with increasing success.

The Bishop White Prayer-book Society has distributed about twenty thousand Prayer-books throughout the United States, and beyond it, since its organization in 1834, at an expense of \$4,743. And the Female Prayer-book Society has been highly successful and useful in its exertions, having distributed and sold 2200 octavo, and 50 quarto Prayer-books.

The Corporation for the Relief of the Widows and Children of Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, possesses a fund of more than \$60,000, encumbered by an annuity but to one family. From the several details above recited, it appears that the Church in this diocese is steadily increasing in strength, zeal, and numbers; and it is thought equally so in piety, devotion, and holiness of its members, as well as in the faithfulness, efficiency, and soundness of its clergy.

MEDITATIONS.

1. Then only is the Church happy when truth and peace kiss each other, and then miserable when either of them balk the way or meet and kiss not. Truth without peace is turbulent; and peace without truth is secure injustice. Though I love peace well, I love main truths better. And though I love all truths well, yet I had rather conceal a small truth than disturb a common peace.

2. I acknowledge no master of requests in heaven but one, Christ my Mediator. I know I cannot be so happy as not to need Him, nor so miserable that he should despise me. I will always ask, and that of none but him with whom I am sure to speed; where there is no great store, that when I have had the most I shall leave no less behind. There are numberless drops in the sea, but if one be taken out of it, it hath so much, the less, though the difference is imperceptible. But God, because he is infinite, can admit of no diminution. Men are niggardly, because the more they give the less they have. But thou, Lord, mayest give what thou wilt without abatement of thy store. Good prayers never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive either what I ask, or what I should ask.

3. "With God there is no free man but his servant: though in the galleys, no slave but the sinner; though in a palace none noble but the virtuous, though never so basely descended; none rich but he that possesseth God, though in rags; none wise but he that is a fool to himself and the world; none happy but he whom the world pities. Let me be free, noble, rich, wise, happy to God; I care not what I am to this world.

4. Heaven is compared to a hill, and therefore it is figured by Olympus among the heathen, and by Zion in God's book. Hell is compared to a pit. The ascent to one is hard, therefore, and the descent to the other easy and headlong. If we once begin to fall, the recovery is most difficult, and not one out of many stays till he comes to the bottom. I will be content to pant, and blow, and sweat in clambering up to heaven, and I will be cautious of setting the first step downwards towards the pit. As there is a Jacob's ladder up to heaven, so there are blind stairs that go widdling down to death, whereof each makes way for the other.—Bishop Hall.

A PROTESTANT FUNERAL IN FRANCE.

Interesting as is Tours to the French, from the salubrity of its situation and the richness of its soil, and obtaining from them universally the appellation of "the garden of France," to Protestants it is still more attractive from causes of higher importance. So large a proportion of its inhabitants had embraced the reformed faith, that five years subsequent to the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the population declined from eighty to thirty thousand! In what affecting recollections may the Christian traveller indulge whilst wandering at Tours from one extremity of the city to the other, and contemplating the vacant spaces and unoccupied ground! The long course of the Loire still flows past the very scene once populous with eighty thousand inhabitants; but never since the ruthless deed of Louis XIV. has Tours recovered its splendor. Even now, when upwards of a hundred summers have shone upon Touraine, the city contains only twenty-five thousand inhabitants! And who can avoid seeing the hand of retributive justice in a manner still more remarkable? When the infidelity of the French Revolution burst upon the Church of Rome, and defiled its sanctuaries, and desolated so many of its temples, we cannot fail to discern in this visitation of Providence the just recompense of those persecutions which strewed France with the bones of Protestant martyrs: it might almost seem as if God had willed that a perpetual memento of his righteous judgment should be visible to the eye of the observer. In how many towns are the ruined edifices, once consecrated to Romish superstition, now conspicuous at once by their beauty and their degradation! In every part of France tokens of the divine displeasure are evident. In Tours, as a single example, I mention, that one splendid church is now the workshop of a blacksmith; another is the magazine of fire-wood for the military; a third is a warehouse for flour, or, if I forget not, a flour market; a fourth is on sale, to be let for any purpose whatever, profane or sacred; a fifth is employed by the English Congregation for their Protestant worship; a sixth, is a theatre; a seventh, once the magnificent church of St. Martin, the patron saint, still attests, by two awful and stupendous towers, how imposing an edifice it was; and one of them, styled the tower of Charlemagne, is used as a manufactory for shot!

Soon after my arrival at Tours, an opportunity was afforded me of proclaiming the doctrines of the gospel in a very public and affecting manner. Mons. Bacot, an aged relic of the old French Protestant Church, and a man of great wealth and influence in the department had breathed his last. Being the only Protestant minister in that part of the country, I was invited to officiate at the funeral. Accordingly I went over to Vernoux, the residence of the deceased, accompanied by my valued friends Mons. de Bartholdy, and Mons. Andre, receiver general of the department.

On arriving at the family mansion, we found an immense concourse of people who had assembled together from various parts. Respect for the memory of Mons. Bacot, and curiosity to witness a Protestant funeral, had not only attracted the neighboring villagers and peasantry, but the mayor and many of the principal authorities and gentry of Tours. There is something most touching in entering the silent cottage even of a poor man just before the corpse of its former master is about to be conveyed to its more permanent dwelling-place. The simple and unadorned rites with which the humble mourners glide away to the place of interment, afford abundant room for salutary reflections, and awaken in the Christian mind, a mixture of useful and pensive feelings; but every thing which affects the heart in death, assumes a more powerful face, and gives rise to more stirring emotions, when we enter the lordly mansion from whence has just fled the spirit of its former master. What stillness is in the hall: the apartments are all darkened! We fear to address each other; we tremble at the very sound of our

footsteps; every countenance is impressed with the greatness of the calamity; the great man, who so long had called the splendid estate his own, has taken his final departure. This is a moment when even the most reckless, the most thoughtless of the transient inhabitants of our earth, feels himself mortal, and is compelled to think.—Such was the scene, and such were some of the emotions of a large assemblage of persons, when we arrived at Vernoux. After a short interval, I commenced reading the funeral service in a large court-yard adjacent to the house of the deceased, and pronounced, amidst the silence of all present, the affecting profession of faith of the ancient patriarch, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and in my flesh I shall see God."

Mons. Bacot had left behind him the request that his body should be buried in a part of his domain somewhat distant from his house, beneath a cypress-tree, which marks the grave of his late wife. Time was, when the Protestants of France were glad to obtain a grave by stealth for their departed friends, in a garden, or in the open fields, or in a remote sylvan retirement: but on the present occasion the deceased had a most solemn and silent spot for the last repose of his body; partly, perhaps because he felt a species of serious delight in descending to his grave, where he had long loved to meditate in life. Certain it is that the circumstance of this choice gave an interest to the funeral ceremony, not only perfectly new and strange to myself, but also to every one present.

After the termination of the lesson, we commenced a most original funeral procession to the distant place of burial. Every thing conspired to add feeling to the occasion. First, I notice that though the company of persons who attended the bier, was unusually large, yet there was a death-like stillness during the whole of our progress. Scarcely a sound was heard but that of the foot-fall of so many persons lighting on the decayed leaves which strewed our path. In France such a procession was more striking, as it was in singular contrast with the grating and unintelligible chants of the Roman Catholic priests when they convey dead bodies to the cemetery.—Silence, solemn silence, the dead silence of night, or the silence of such a mortal scene as this, what is more impressive? Next, the surrounding scenery added much to the occasion. Our way led along a path which ascended the destined spot in a slanting or circuitous manner; it wound its way through the wood which adorned the estate, being chiefly dark with the sylvan canopy, but at one place crossing a bridge thrown over the road, and affording a transient glance to the right and left. As it was the month of November, the flowers were all faded, and the leaves were either strewed in dense profusion beneath our feet, or hung trembling on the branches above us, waiting for the winter's blast to lay them in the dust.—The winds were silent, an awful stillness pervaded the atmosphere. The morning had been rainy; but before we entered on this solemn procession, it became fair, yet the sun did not appear. Calm, heavy clouds darkened the sky, and seemed to veil the sun, as if in sympathy with our doleful obsequies. Every thing seemed to indicate that the shadow of death had fallen upon us.

At length we arrived at the crest of the hill which was to terminate our progress. There we found an opening amidst the trees of no great extent, and there were seen the cypress-tree and the new-made grave. The whole assembly soon arranged themselves in order around this lonely cemetery, and I took my stand upon the earth thrown out of the grave, and read the burial-service.

There are moments in human life when important opportunities of proclaiming the Gospel of Christ are offered us, and when we deeply feel that now we must make a special effort; if we lose this occasion it can never be recovered. Hundreds of Roman Catholics were before me, who had never heard the simple statement of the doctrines of salvation; and who might probably never hear again that joyful sound. Hence, when we had committed to the silent ground our deceased friend, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," I delivered a short address, with the open grave at my feet, directing and urging my friends to obtain, through Jesus Christ, that victory over death, and that life everlasting, which is offered to the most unworthy. This was a moment to state strongly the ruin and condemnation of our nature, pardon and salvation through the atonement of the Redeemer who was as well perfect God as perfect man, and those sanctifying and powerful effects which, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, never fail to accompany a genuine faith. I never addressed a more attentive auditory; and it seemed as if, by the divine blessing, a very powerful impression accompanied the whole ceremony. I have been present at many a funeral of deep and touching interest—nor least of all have I been affected when interring a poor sailor on the shores of the Bosphorus, without a single countryman but myself to lay him in the dust; and many an occurrence of striking interest have I met with in Asia Minor, in Greece, amidst the Alps, and on the shores of Lake Leman,—but this I remember among the most remarkable. May God multiply the voices which shall proclaim the crucified Saviour in France, and accompany them with his blessing!—Rev. J. Hartley's State of the Continent.

It is a thing to be lamented, that a Christian, born for heaven, having the prize of his high calling set before him, and matters of that weight and excellency to exercise his heart upon, should be taken up with trifles, and fill both his head and heart with vanity and nothing, as all earthly things will prove ere long. Yet, if many men's thoughts and discourses were distilled, they are so frothy, that they would hardly yield one drop of true comfort.—Sims.

Beware of the critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself.—Rev. Leigh Richmond.

LOGANSPORT AND MICHIGAN CITY.

Trinity Church, Michigan City, is one of the most flourishing congregations in the Diocese of Indiana, and in all probability will continue to be so, unless the prosperity of the town be checked, by the late disasters in

BISHOP KEMPER AT MISHAWAKA, INDIANA.

VOCAL MUSIC.

The Editor having kindly encouraged me to let him hear again from me, and a correspondent having also no-

It remains for him, then, to acquaint them with the manner of noting time, upon which I have no new suggestion to offer, except that I hope the barbarous appellations of Quavers, Crotchets, Minims, and Semibreves will be exchanged for names which talk to the class, and

KEY-BOARD.

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We have spent too much time perhaps upon the
jection. Thus far we have answered objections rather
than offered arguments in favour of Teachers' Semi-
naries. I ask leave to offer an argument drawn from the
analogy of other employments in your next. C. S.

The Editor having kindly encouraged me to let him

From Lieut. Slooim's Report to Congress.

LABORS OF A MISSIONARY.—The Rev. Jason Lee, Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of New York, having heard through Dr. McLaughlin of my intention to visit the Williams settlement, (on the river entering the Columbia river 80 miles from its mouth,) politely came down from the Mission-house, distant eighteen miles, to meet me at this place.

In company with this gentleman, I called on all the settlers in the lower settlement. No language of mine can convey an adequate idea of the great benefit these worthy and most excellent men, the Messrs. Jason and Daniel Lee, and Messrs. Shepherd and Edwards, their assistants, have conferred upon this part of the country; not by precept but example, as I think the following result will show.

To use Mr. Jason Lee's own words, "It was after having heard that an Indian of the Flat-head tribe had crossed the Rocky Mountains, to inquire of Gov. Clark, at St. Louis, about the God that the 'pale faces' worshipped, that I was first led to think of establishing a mission west of the mountains."

Two years since last October, Mr. Lee's party encamped on the ground where their dwelling now stands, immediately on the banks of the Williams. They commenced felling timber with their own hands, and by Christmas they erected the frame of their house, and had it half closed in, and fenced 24 acres of land. In the spring, they put a crop, which produced the first year (1835) one hundred and fifty bushels of wheat; thirty-five of oats, fifty-six of barley, eighty-seven of peas, and two hundred and fifty of potatoes.

In the second year, 1836, five hundred bushels of wheat, two hundred of peas, forty of oats, thirty of barley, four and a half of corn, three and a half of beans, and three hundred and nineteen of potatoes, with a full supply of garden vegetables.

They have built a good barn, added to their dwelling-house, which now consists of four large rooms, eighteen by twenty, garret and cellar, have a good garden, and one hundred and fifty acres of land enclosed under good fencing. With the exception of three months hired labor of a carpenter to finish the inside of the dwelling, and make tables, forms &c. for their school-room, the above is the work of these pious and industrious men, assisted by the Indian children of the school.

Their family at present consists of three adults, nineteen full-blooded and four half-breed Indian children, ten of whom are orphans. Seven girls and fifteen boys attend the school. Likewise eight half-breed children of the neighboring settlers. The children are taught to speak English. Several of them read perfectly well. They are all well clothed and fed, and are already very cleanly in their habits. The larger boys work on the farm in warm weather. They can plough, reap, and do all ordinary farm work well. Several of them evince good mechanical genius. Mr. Lee assures me that most of the boys have earned their board, clothing, and tuition, estimating their labor at the lowest rate of wages allowed by the Hudson Bay Company.—*Ch. Adv.*

ZOO LAHS.—The Missionaries to this nation of South Eastern Africa, both English and American, have been called to severe trials on being compelled to retire for a season from the country of Dingarn. The latest notice of the contest between the Dutch emigrants and this haughty and cruel prince, states that the whole of the Zoolah army had been dispersed, and that Dingarn had found refuge with another chief. A conciliatory message had been sent by the Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, to the frontier emigrants or Boors, inviting their return within the colonial boundary. The Rev. Mr. Owen and family had arrived at Port Elizabeth on the 22d June. The following touching extract from his journal will be read with interest, as affording an example of scenes which every early Missionary to a heathen people should be prepared to witness, even if God should see fit to spare him the actual trial.—*Spirit of Missions.*

Tracherous Massacre of the Farmers, February 6, 1838.—A dreadful day in the annals of the Mission! I shudder to give an account of it.—This morning, as I was sitting in the shade of my wagon, reading the Testament, the usual messenger came, with hurry and anxiety depicted in his looks. I was sure that he was about to pronounce something serious:—and what was his commission? While it showed consideration and kindness in the Zoolah monarch toward me, it disclosed a horrid instance of perfidy—too horrid to be described, toward the unhappy men who have for these few days been his guests, but are now no more. He sent to tell me not to be frightened, as he was going to kill the Boors. This news came like a thunder stroke to myself, and to every successive member of my family as they heard it.—The reason assigned for this treacherous conduct, was, that they were going to kill him, that they had come here, and he had now learned all their plans. The messenger was anxious for my reply; but what could I say? I was fearful on the one hand of seeming to justify the treachery: and on the other, of exposing myself and family to probable danger, if I appeared to take their part? Moreover, I could not but feel it was my duty to apprise the Boors of the intended massacre; while certain death would have ensued, I apprehended, if I had been detected in giving this information. However, I was released from this dilemma by an awful spectacle. My attention was directed to the blood-stained hill, nearly opposite my hut, and on the other side of my wagon which hides it from my view, where all the executions at this fearful spot take place, and which was now destined to add sixty more bleeding carcasses to the number of those who have already cried to Heaven for vengeance. "There," said some one, "they are killing the Boors now." I turned my eyes, and behold! an immense multitude on the hill. About nine or ten Zoolahs to each Boor were dragging their helpless, unarmed victim to the fatal spot, where those eyes, which awakened this morning to the cheerful light of the day for the last time, are now closed in death. I laid myself down on the ground. Mrs. and Miss Owen were not more thunderstruck than myself. We each comforted the other. Presently, the deed of blood being accomplished, the whole multitude returned to the town, to meet their sovereign; and, as they drew near to him, set up a shout which reached the station, and continued for some time. Meanwhile I myself had been kept from all fear for our personal safety; for I considered the message of Dingarn to me as an indication that he had no ill de-

signs against the Missionary, especially as the messenger informed me that the Boors' Interpreter, an Englishman from Port Natal, was to be preserved. Nevertheless, fears afterwards obtruded themselves on me, when I saw half-a-dozen men with shields sitting near our hut, and I began to tremble lest we were to fall the next victims. At this crisis, I called all my family in, and read Psalm xc, so singularly and literally applicable to our present condition, that I could with difficulty proceed in it.—I endeavored to realize all its statements; and though I did not receive it as an absolute provision against sudden and violent death, I was led to him who is our refuge from the guilt and fear of sin, which alone make terrible. We then knelt down, and I prayed; really not knowing but that, in this position, we might be called into another world. Such was the effect of the first gust of fear on my mind. I remembered the words, *Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee.*

RESIDENCES OF THE BAKUENS, SOUTH AFRICA.—The following description of a singular expedition adopted by one of the native tribes in South Africa, to preserve themselves from the attacks of the numerous beasts of prey which infest the country, has been furnished by the Rev. Robert Moffat, of Lattakoo, under whose observation it came during one of his journeys to the northward of that station. Mr. Moffat writes:—

"Five days after leaving the Bahrtee I came to the first cattle outpost of the Matabele, near a beautiful tree of gigantic size, inhabited by several families of Bakuens, the aborigines of the country. On halting I instantly proceeded to the tree, soon mounted the aerial abodes, and to my astonishment counted no fewer than seventeen houses, and part of three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. As I had not tasted any food since morning, I asked a woman who sat in the door permission to eat. She cheerfully consented, and brought me some more of the same provision in a powdered state. This seemed to be the only kind of food in their possession. Several other persons came from the neighboring roosts to see the stranger, who to them was as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different habitations, each of which was fixed upon a separate branch. An oblong scaffold is formed of straight sticks and neatly thatched with long grass. A person can stand nearly upright in the centre, and the diameter of the floor is about six feet.—The house stands on one end of the oblong platform, so as to leave a little square space before the door. These are the humble though lofty domiciles of the poor aborigines, who are destitute of every thing like cattle, and who live on the fruits of the field, and on the chase. They adopt this plan in order to escape the lions, which often prowl under the tree.

"In the course of the day I also passed a village containing at least forty houses, built on the top of poles, about seven or eight feet from the ground. These form a circle, and each house stands distinct from the rest. A forked stick or branch of a tree is planted at the front of each habitation, for the purpose of ascending. In the centre of the circle was a large heap of bones and horns of the game they had killed."

SOUTH AFRICA—CAFFRE MISSION.—Under the favor and blessing of the Most High, the Mission to the Caffres, which had been for a time suspended in consequence of the occurrence of war, was recommenced in the course of the year 1836; and since that period the labors of our brethren, the Rev. Messrs. Brownlee and Kayser, have been pursued not without a measure of encouragement. Towards the close of last year, Mr. Brownlee, whose station is situated on the Buffalo River, had the happiness of forming a church, consisting of five Christian Caffres, whose faith, and piety, and love, were affording him great joy and satisfaction. The congregations at both the stations were gradually increasing, and the infant and day-schools, together with those for instruction on the Sabbath, were beginning to revive. On the subject of religion, a growing spirit of enquiry was observable among the people, and their state of mind generally appeared to indicate an unusual preparedness for the reception of the renovating principles of divine revelation, and of the great and precious promises it unfolds. The brethren also experienced much encouragement in their itinerant labors at the period above mentioned, the fields in every place they visited appearing white unto the harvest.

Under date 7th August last, a communication has been received from Mr. Kayser, of an equally gratifying character with those which conveyed the preceding intelligence. He reports that the number of inhabitants at the station* and in its vicinity was gradually increasing, and exemplary industry was displayed by the people in the cultivation of their gardens and other grounds. Our brother speaks of four individuals among the Caffres at his station, who had recently given evidence of being brought under the power of Divine grace; and he intimates the hope of soon receiving one of them into the Church of Christ by baptism. At Buffalo River, the work was also pleasingly progressive. Referring to a visit he had lately paid to that station, Mr. Kayser observes:—"To my joy I was informed by brother Brownlee, that the seed long sown now begins to grow up, especially among the Caffre women. Those with whom I conversed seemed to be all in the good way, seeking salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. Among the converts there is also a chief who was once very proud and wild. On a former occasion I was called to dress a wound which he had received in his arm from an assegai, but at that time he would hear nothing of God and his word; but now, by the grace of our God, how meek and lamb-like! The Lord's name be glorified, and to Him be given all honour, thanksgiving, and praise!"

The foregoing particulars clearly indicate that the present period is one peculiarly favourable to the extension of Missionary labour in Caffraria. For a considerable time past the chiefs and people themselves have evinced an earnest desire, and made repeated applications, for Missionaries; and it will be seen from a statement in another article, that Macomo, Botman, Tyali, and other Caffre chiefs were greatly disappointed when they found that Mr. Read, whom they met on his way to the Kat River, returned unaccompanied by Missionaries to labour amongst their people. On this account, the Directors recur with additional satisfac-

* Knapp's Hope, on the river Kiasamma.

tion to the circumstance of the embarkation of the Rev. Messrs. Calderwood and Birt, in July last, for South Africa; these brethren having been appointed to the Caffre Mission, in connexion with which their instrumentality will be no less accepted than we trust, under God, it will prove valuable and effective. No tidings have been yet received concerning these brethren, but in all probability they have before the present time reached the Cape, and arrived thence at their stations in Caffreland.

Jan Tzatzoe proceeded with Mr. Read from

Bethelsdorp; for the purpose of returning in Caffraria, to resume his labours at the Buffalo River station as a regular agent of the Society. The presumption is, that, under Divine guidance and protection, he has arrived at his destination, and re-entered upon his work in conjunction with Mr. Brownlee; but no communication has been received from this part of Africa of a date subsequent to the period at which it is probable he reached his station.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER,

FOR JANUARY, 1839—AT GAMBIER.

DAYS.	THERMOMETER.			CLOUDINESS.			WIND.			REMARKS.
	7 a m	2 p m	9 p m	7 a m	2 p m	9 p m	7 a m	2 p m	9 p m	
1	0	30	30	1	0	1	SW	SW		
2	30	40	29	4	5	7	SW	SW		
3	34	40	34	3	1.0	6	SE	N		
4	34	39	36	4	5	5	N	N		
5	33	36	34	4	6	0	N	NE		
6	31	44	4	0	3	4	N	NE		
7	45	53	40	1.0	3	1.0	SW	SW		
8	36	50	21	0	4	0	N	W		1 a m, high wind which continued 36 hours.
9	29	40	41	1.0	1.0	0	N	W		Rain from 10 a m to 8 p m.
10	50	55	55	7	8	2	N	W		
11	54	60	54	8	8	1.0	SW	W		
12	54	47	45	2	4	4	SE	N		
13	34	40	44	7	5	8	SE	SE		
14	44	40	39	6	5	6	N	NE		Strong wind 11 a m—6 a m of 14.
15	33	37	34	8	8	6	N	E		
16	31	34	34	4	4	4	N	NE		
17	34	37	34	5	4	6	S	S		
18	34	40	39	1.0	5	4	SE	S		
19	30	25	14	6	8	0	N			Fog 7 a m. Slight Aurora in the evening.
20	44	33	23	0	0	3	S	N		A flurry of snow at 10 a m.
21	21	25	9	4	1	0	W	N		3 inch snow at 10 a m.
22	22	34	32	3	2	4	SW	SW		High wind through the day.
23	6	15	12	0	0	0	N	NW		7 a m found a slight snow on the ground—sky clear.
24	11	25	25	0	0	1	S	S		
25	31	42	27	4	3	4	S	S		
26	28	36	25	1	3	3	SE	S		
27	51	29	13	1	2	0	NW	NW		
28	26	32	34	1	2	2	NW	W		
29	28	29	24	3	4	2	E	SE		
30	28	29	24	7	3	3	W	SW		10 a m commenced snowing and continued until 1 p m, when it turned to a sleet and continued to fall till 2 p m.
31	15	40	20	1	2	3	W	W		

Mean temperature of January, 32.37°
do. do. do. at 7 a m 29.77°
do. do. do. at 2 p m 37.63°
do. do. do. at 9 p m 30.32°

Maximum temperature, 60°
Minimum do. 0°
Average cloudiness, .39
Fair days 1. Cloudy 20. Variable 10.

* * * In the columns under cloudiness, 0 designates a clear sky, 1.0 entire cloudiness; 1, 2, 3, &c. intermediate degrees. Snow is measured as it lies upon the ground.

A defect having been discovered in the Barometer, the register of that instrument will not be published at present.

SECULAR INTELLIGENCE.

From the Journal of Commerce, 27th ult.

SEVERE GALE.

One of the severest gales we have ever experienced, visited this city, (N. York,) on Saturday afternoon, 27th ult. The day previous the weather was mild, with a moderate breeze from the Eastward, and indications of a storm. In the course of the night rain commenced falling, and the wind at times was quite fresh, inclining to a gale. This description of weather continued until about 2 o'clock P. M. on Saturday, when there was a rapid increase in the uproar of the elements, and by 3 o'clock a regular gale was upon us, from about S. S. E. For an hour and a half there was a constant rush of wind, and at times its violence was terrific. The dispersion of sign-boards, the thrashing of window-blinds and shutters, the scattering of slates and other appurtenances of buildings, the whistling of rigging, and the general roar of the tempest, were the first incidents to which public attention was directed; but another danger soon became apparent, in some respects more formidable than all the rest. The tide was rising rapidly, and driven forward by the wind, soon covered the wharves, and then invaded South street, nearly the whole of which including the side-walk, was for some time under water, to the depth of one to three feet. Up Maiden Lane, Broad, Fulton, Beekman street, Peck Slip, &c. the water reached Front street, and in some of them even passed beyond Water street. In all these streets we saw boats plying,—cotton bales, barrels, &c. floating,—and when the water subsided, some hundreds of tons, we should think, of thick ice from the harbor were left in the streets. A great many cellars were filled with water, and the damage to goods must in the aggregate be very considerable. Many persons, however, rescued their goods, either in whole or in part; and in fact, many cellars were cleared which the water did not invade. According to the Almanac high water should not have taken place till 7 o'clock, P. M.; an astounding fact to men who saw several streets already inundated at half past four. But, as it proved, their apprehensions were groundless; for as the wind abated, the water subsided; and at half past five, it was below the level of ordinary high tide.

A number of buildings suffered more or less damage. The Tobacco Inspection building, corner of Water and Clinton streets, had the tin torn entirely off from that portion of the roof sloping towards Water street. The tin was also stripped from a part of the roof of the four story brick building, No. 82 Catharine street. Of Kitchen's Brewery, in Sheriff street, near Grand, the wing adjoining Hoe's Press Manufactory, was entirely unroofed, and the building otherwise injured. The tin on the roof of No. 9 Stone street, was displaced en masse, but not entirely removed from the building. The entire tin roof of a building in Fulton street, weighing several hundred pounds, was rolled up almost like a piece of paper, and blown into the street.

Two chimneys of a dwelling house in Market street, near Monroe, were blown off. Also, a chimney of the new part of Tammany Hall.

There were, no doubt, many other similar disasters in the city, but we are not able to state them in detail.

The vessels at the wharves lay as quiet as could be expected. There was a good deal of disturbance among them, but no bones broken, that we are aware of. Several canal boats were driven upon the wharves, and even into the middle of South street. The brig Susan, which lay at anchor in the East river, broke from her anchorage, and was driven furiously into the dock, suffering some damage. We have great fears for vessels on the coast, as the gale drove directly on shore.

At 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, the mouth of the East river was covered with fire wood, from some vessel that must have either upset or lost her deck load.

The schooner Smith, Tompkins, three days from Washington, (N. C.) with naval stores to Mitch-

ell & Co., went ashore on the West bank, but got off by throwing overboard two hundred and fifty barrels of naval stores, and slipping both cables.

The schooner Oscar, Southwick, 13 days from St. Augustine, went ashore near the Elm Tree, south side Staten Island; cargo not damaged.

A large brig is ashore on Great Kill flats, Staten Island.

The brig Laurel Lunt, of Brunswick, (Me.) 40 days from Lanzalette, with Barilla, &c. to Badger & Peck, was dragging both anchors, and was obliged to cut away her foremast, when she brought up. She was towed to the city by the steamboat Samson. She has experienced very severe weather on the coast; all the crew are badly frost-bitten.

The schooner Chesterfield, Waldo, 12 days from Richmond, with flour and coal, bound to Portsmouth, drove ashore a mile below the Elm Tree, south side Staten Island. Cargo damaged. Vessel will be got off.

The schooner Sperry, lying at Pier No. 1, East River, had her stern and sides stove in by the steamer Hercules, which also received some damage. Sloop Belina, of Newark, N. J. had her stern and bows stove in; schooner Hannah, Tompkins, had stern and bows badly stove, and several others suffered considerable damage. The bridge landing for the Staten Island steamers had its planks torn up, and was much injured. Several club boats at Castle Garden were stove to pieces.

The brig Susquehanna dragged her anchors and drove against Pier No. 4, East River, received some damage in her stern and bulwarks; broke a splice off, and also the corner of the Pier. The end of the pier, west side Burling slip, was badly washed away. The Pilot Boat Lafayette, had her larboard quarter stove in at the quarantine ground. The Block to land emigrants on, was nearly destroyed; and the steamboat landing received much damage. There was no arrival from outside the hook yesterday.

From the Philad. United States Gazette, 27th ult.

THE STORM.—On Friday evening it commenced raining, and before midnight it poured in torrents, and continued in that melting mood until about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The streets seemed like so many torrents. Between 3 and 4 P. M. the wind shifted to the north west, and there was a fall of snow, none, however, to remain on the ground.

The low grounds on all hands were covered with water, which froze, on the sudden change of the weather, so that it was impossible to get the train of cars along the rail road track, especially between Wilmington and Philadelphia, and Burlington and Philadelphia. It is probable that we shall hear of much injury from the flood.

The Freshet on the Schuylkill was tremendous—the water rose suddenly to a great height; two feet higher than in the great freshet of 1822, and equal to that in 1798.

Here follows a long list of injuries to coal-yards, stores, ferry houses, embankments, canal boats, &c. but we are glad to see they appear to be all within moderate amounts.

The centre part of the rail road bridge, built by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Rail Road Company, at Gray's Ferry, was carried away at 20 minutes before nine o'clock, on Saturday evening.

The bridge was swept clear from the first pier on the opposite side of the Schuylkill, to the third pier from this side. The pier spoken of in the late report of the company, as having settled below its original position, was washed away to low water mark.

SUMMARY OF FACTS AND EVENTS.

A Malay Massacre Frustrated.—It is stated that the ship Borneo of Salem, recently arrived at Boston, brought the cook home in irons, and that he has been delivered to the custody of the U. S. Marshall. He is charged with having conspired with the Malays to capture the ship, in the same

way that the cook of the Eclipse did, as published in the Sun. By an early discovery the plan was frustrated. About \$1400, it is said were stolen from the Borneo, before the discovery was made.

Maternal Love.—The Rising Sun, Ind. Journal of the 5th inst. states, "that on the Evening of December 25th, Mrs. Bradford, a resident of Patriot, Switzerland county, in the absence of her family, except her infant, was seized with a fit, and during the paroxysm her clothes caught fire, and from thence communicated to the floor; partially recovering by the influence of the heat, and perceiving her condition, and remembering the situation of her infant, her maternal affections triumphing, urged her at all hazards to attempt its rescue. The babe lay in a bed, which was enveloped in flames, communicated from the mother's burning apparel. She seized the infant and made her escape to the street. The child was saved, but we are sorry to state that the mother fell a victim to the devouring element."

Fire at Elizabeth City, N. C.—On Sunday evening, the 20th instant, a fire broke out in the jewelry store of Mr. George Storey, on Main street, and destroyed all the buildings between Market and North streets, with the exception of the National Hotel. The principal sufferers are George Storey, house and jewelry, \$3,000; John A. Gambrel, 1,500; Samuel Jackson, three buildings, 700; William Laboyteaux, goods and furniture, 1,000; Mathew Cluff, one building 800. The whole of the losses will probably amount to nearly twelve thousand dollars, and no insurance.

Institutions for Savings.—The following results are shown by the returns of the 34 Savings Institutions in Massachusetts, exhibiting their condition on the last Saturday of October last.

Number of depositors, 33,063
Amount of deposits, \$4,569,562 59
Invested in Bank Stocks, 1,426,183 72
Deposites in Banks, 568,787 09
Loans on Bank Stocks, 556,931 13
Invested in Public Funds, 70,000 00
Loans on Public Scrip, 10,000 00
Moans on Mortgage, 1,121,300 18
Loans to Counties or Towns, 435,247 69
Loans on Personal Securities, 672,117 97
Cash on hand, 144,262 00
Dividends for the year, 248,039 07
Annual Expenses, 18,329 11

The lease of the rooms now occupied by the New-York State Marine Insurance Company was sold last week by auction. The lease for seven years at \$2,500 a year, was sold for a bonus of \$1,800. The rooms are together about 16 by 38 feet, and situated half way from the Merchants' Exchange to Pearl street, on the south side of Wall.

The suite of rooms on the main floor of John Warren's building, in Wall opposite Hanover street, have been taken by the Washington Marine Insurance Company for seven years, at the annual rent of \$4,000.

From Florida it is reported that Gen. Taylor is still in pursuit of the Indians on the Suwannee, and that he expects soon to give them battle.

The preliminary measures are being taken for the admission of Iowa into the Union. Wisconsin and Florida are also taking steps for admission into the Union, as States, before the representative ratio shall be increased.

Drs. Frost and Sweet, the Thomsonian practitioners in New-York, are about to answer to the law for the death of four children, who died under their ministrations. The disease was small pox. The treatment is not mentioned.

THE APOSTOLICAL COMMISSION.

BISHOP McILVAINE'S SERMON at the consecration of Dr. Polk, just issued from the Western Church Press, Gambier, may be had at the Book Store of Miller and Wells.—Price, single 25 cents,—by the dozen, 20 cents.

Orders, post paid, may also be made to the Editor of the Observer and Journal.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PRESS.

THERE will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Western Episcopal Press on Tuesday next at 2 o'clock P. M. at Gambier.

February 15, 1839.

GRANVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE Winter Term will close on the 6th of February next. The Summer Term will commence on the first Thursday of March, and continue 22 weeks.

The course of instruction embraces all the branches, both solid and ornamental, usually taught in similar institutions, and those who complete the course, will receive a certificate of scholarship or a diploma. Great pains will be taken that the cultivation of the manners, mind and heart of the young ladies, while in the Seminary, be such as will enable them to discharge the various duties of life, with ease, happiness and usefulness. Those in the boarding house, out of the regular school hours, will be under the immediate care and supervision of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, who are the parental head of the family. No indulgences will be given or company allowed the members of the family, but such as a discreet parent would approve.

All the young ladies of the family, so far as their parents may desire it, will be under the special care and direction of Mrs. Sanford, as regards their apparel and expenditures.

The Principal will always be aided with a sufficient number of competent female teachers.

The charge for tuition in all the English branches, board, fuel, lights, washing, room and furniture for a term \$60 00, payable invariably in advance.

Instruction in Latin, Greek and French, each, additional, per Term, \$5 00. Music on the Piano, including use of instrument, per Term, \$12 00.

Instruction will be given in Drawing and Painting, for each of which there will be a separate charge.

Tuition of day scholars \$9 00 per Term.

Vocal music will be attended to free of charge.

Board can be had in private families, at from \$1 50 to \$2 00 per week.

Those who expect to enter the Seminary, are requested to bring with them such text books as they may have, and also, to be punctual at the commencement of the Term.

The Seminary is furnished with a respectable assortment of Chemical, Philosophical and Astronomical Apparatus.

All the members of the Seminary will attend, on the Sabbath, the services of the Episcopal Church, unless some other church be preferred by their parents.

Application for further information or for admission, may be made to Mr. Mansfield French, Principal of Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.
January 21, 1839.

POETRY.

Selected for the Observer and Journal

FAITH.

Faith is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen.
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll!

Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's bark;
Directs his wanderings from afar
To reach the holy ark.
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven;
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given,
It is the bright triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march!

Faith is the mountain rock,
Whose summit towers high;
Secure above the tempest shock,
An inmate of the sky.
Fix'd on a prize of greater worth,
It views with scorn the things of earth.

The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above,
To mortals can impart.
The Christian's faith is simply this,
A passport to immortal bliss.

THE GARNER.

CLERICAL INTREPIDITY.

"Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them."
—Deut. xxxi. 6.

Dr. Hackett is recorded as the last man in England who persisted to read the liturgy after it had been proscribed by the Parliament: and the following anecdote is given by his biographer, illustrative both of his attachment to the Church and his holy courage. One Sunday while he was reading the Common Prayer in his Church, a soldier of the Earl of Essex came and clapped a pistol to his breast, and commanded him to read no further.—The Doctor, not at all terrified, replied, "I will do what becomes a divine, and you may do what becomes a soldier." The tumult was quieted for a time, and the Doctor permitted to proceed.

PROVIDENCES.—Assuredly as an infinite accumulation of minute drops, provided and regulated by the present power of God, form the wonderful mass upon which I float from island to island, and continent to continent, from the land of my exile to my native and wished for shores:—so surely does an infinite accumulation of events provided and regulated by the same present power and goodness, bear onward the confiding Christian to the haven of rest eternal, and the shores of his native land!—Not therefore upon the minute particles of this ocean of providences, but upon its glorious expanse, and its more glorious Creator, let my eye be fixed; and let my heart yearn only for the green and spicy shores to which so swiftly I am borne upon its bosom.—Monton.

How mean must the most exalted Potentate upon earth appear to that eye, which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits differing in glory and perfection. How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian.—Addison.

It is the very insanity of blindness to walk this earth without seeing the glorious character of God everywhere inscribed on the book of Creation. It is the most affluent and comprehensive of volumes. Flowers, stars, earth, air and sea, each present varied stores of beauty and truth to the intelligent eye; while ignorance only perceives their external appearances, and is wholly blind to their qualities and esoteric relations. The unlightened see only the gilt and binding on Nature's volume, while the philosophical read its ever-fresh and inspiring contents.

CHRISTIAN FIRMNESS IN A JEWESS.—"I know an individual," says Rev. W. Marsh, "who has refused a legacy of £6000, left on condition that the Christian faith be renounced: she refused it with holy indignation at the idea of renouncing her Redeemer for paltry wealth—preferring servitude in that Truth which makes free indeed, to wealth in the cause of error, and with a reproachful conscience."

AFFLICTION.

"Her dark hours wring forth the hidden might,
Which had lain bedded in the silent soul,
A treasure all undreamt of—as the night
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day!"

THE WORLD—"Was not constructed to produce presumption and despair:—was not cast out unhedged as the wilderness of base passions and conduct, from which all the heirs of holiness must be separate. It is a school for heaven, where the lessons of faith and hope are learned—where holiness is attained by the instruction of incidents, and the discipline of circumstances.—It is not a prison to the soul—but a temple for soul-transforming prayer and praise!"

"Earth is the way to heaven!"

The first and natural effect of sickness is to cloud and terrify the mind. The attention of the soul is arrested by the idea of soon appearing in a new world, and a sense of guilt is felt before faith is exercised in a Redeemer, and for a time it will predominate; for the same faith that would overcome fear in health, must be considerably strengthened to have the same effect in sickness.—Addison.

How blessed is the Christian in the midst of his greatest troubles! It is true we cannot say he is perfect in holiness—that he has never any doubts—that his peace of mind is never interrupted—that he never mistakes Providence; but, after all, his is a blessed condition; for he is supported under his trials, and instructed by the discipline; and, as to his fears, the evil under the apprehen-

sion of which he is ready to sink, frequently does not come,—or it does not continue,—or it is turned into a blessing.—Rev. Richard Cecil.

FRANCKE.—A friend once asked Mr. Francke, (who built the famous orphan house of Halle) how it came to pass that he maintained so constant a peace of mind. He replied, "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, 'Blessed Jesus, have I truly a share in thy redemption? Are my sins forgiven? Am I guided by the Spirit? Thine I am.'—Wash me again and again. Strengthen me, &c. &c."—By this constant converse with Jesus, I have enjoyed serenity of mind, and a settled peace in my soul.—C. F. Swartz.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Churchman.

THE WESTERN HOME.

(Concluded.)

Many Sabbaths were thus improved by this pious parent, until the Liturgy became familiar as household words to Walter and Ellen. Other studies were not neglected, but the children received from their mother systematic instruction in the various branches to which they had attended in the excellent schools at home. Walter was now growing a fine, manly boy—distinguished for his generosity and the warmth of his affections—it was interesting to mark his devotion to his mother. With a consideration seldom found in older hearts, he watched her wishes, and often anticipated them, and was ever ready most promptly to deny himself any gratification for her sake. In the midst of her seclusion and apparent loneliness, Alice enjoyed much real peace. When the duties of the day were over, she walked with her children on the green hills that surrounded their home, and endeavored to lead their young hearts to the God of the Everlasting Hills, and to spiritualize every flower that bloomed beneath their feet.

"Mother," said Walter, one bright evening, "we have not had our walk for several days—my head aches sadly this afternoon, and I think I should feel better if I could breathe some of the fresh air—are you not sufficiently at leisure to go a short distance with me, mother?"

Alice looked up, as her son spoke, and observing that his face was pale and his eye heavy, quickly laid aside her work and prepared herself for a walk.

Walter, whose bounding step would often leave his mother and sister far in the distance, now walked pensively by their side, and they had proceeded but a short distance when he expressed a wish to return, complaining of fatigue and an increase of pain in his head. As soon as they reached the house he lay down, and a flushed cheek and excited pulse followed the paleness and languor that his mother had remarked an hour before. She perceived the necessity of immediate and active treatment and without waiting for the coming of her husband, whose return she was expecting each moment, she administered such remedies as her judgment directed.—Walter took his medicine without speaking, and then gently laid his head on his pillow and tried to sleep. His mother sat by his side till the shades of night gathered round them, and then left him but a few moments to attend to the wants of little Ellen.

"Has not father come yet?" asked Walter. "No, my son, but I am expecting him every moment—he promised to return to us to-night, and I have been looking for him the last hour."

"I wish he would come," said the sick child. "Hark! do I not hear the sound of his horse's feet—do open the door mother and listen."

In a few moments Mr. Fleming was at the bedside of his little boy—he bent anxiously over him and enquired about his feelings.

"I have felt sick for two or three days father, but I thought I should get over it, and that I had better not trouble mother while you were away, but my head aches so much this evening that I could not help telling her. I am glad you have come home, dear father, please sit down and stay with me."

The anxiety of Mr. Fleming would not permit him to do this. Walter was his first-born child—his darling, only son. The little boy not only gratified his father's pride by his intelligence and generosity, but was bound to his heart by his affectionate and dutiful conduct.

Mr. Fleming perceived that the attack of his child was violent, and determined not to rest until he had procured medical advice. Although much fatigued by a wearisome ride of two days, he re-mounted his jaded horse and proceeded to the nearest town, that was ten or twelve miles distant. It was near midnight when he reached the house of Dr. D—, who readily yielded to his urgent request, that he would return with him immediately.

As the day dawned they reached the cottage, and found little Walter under the influence of a burning fever.—Dr. D—pronounced his case an alarming one and proceeded at once to administer the most active remedies.

"Can you take this bitter draught, my little fellow?" he asked, as he held up the glass that contained the medicine.

"I can take any thing, sir, that you and my parents think best," and, as he spoke, he raised himself in the bed, and extended his hand for the medicine, which he drank without hesitation.

"I do not find many such patients among children of a larger growth," said Dr. D—to Mrs. Fleming—"Your little son has been well disciplined, madam."

"He has required but little discipline sir. We have been greatly blessed in possessing in Walter a filial and obedient child."

As the symptoms of Walter became more alarming, Dr. D—resolved to spend the remainder of the day with him, that he might minutely watch the progress of his disease. The little sufferer rolled restlessly from side to side of the bed, and towards night became unconscious of the presence of the kind friends who ministered to his wants. Alice calmly bent over him, bathing his burning brow, and wetting his parched lips, but the anguish of the father knew no bounds, when he perceived by the wild brilliancy of his child's eye, that the inflammation had proceeded to his brain.

Dr. D—was obliged to leave the distressed family at sunset, but returned at noon the next day—he stood by the little cot for a few moments, and then turned mournfully aside to prepare some medicine.

Mr. Fleming could not trust himself to ask his opinion.

"You can say nothing to encourage us, sir," said Alice.

"I will not deceive you, my dear madam—the symptoms are at present obstinate—but they may yet yield. May God assist our feeble efforts."

From that moment Alice surrendered her child to her Maker. Something told her that he must go, and with an almost bursting heart she submitted to the Lord's will. It was not so with Mr. Fleming. Unsupported by the faith that sustained his wife, he was prostrated at the bare possibility of his child's death. He could not—he would not see his son torn thus suddenly from his embrace—he felt that a stroke so heavy must not fall upon him. He paced the room in agony, entreating the physician to save his boy—but it pleased God to move onward in his chastening power, and not to stay his hand till the work he designed was done.

Three days passed, and every hour increased the sufferings of the sweet child. The efforts of the physician, the prayers of the mother, the anguish of the father, were all in vain. Little Walter was not to stay in this rough world—his infant footsteps were to tread a smoother road, even the streets of that golden city—the new Jerusalem—where the Saviour's little children are as bright Seraphim around the throne of God.

On the sixth day of his illness, after a short but quiet sleep, he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Mother."—The heart of Alice bounded with gratitude at the sound—it was the first time his lips had breathed her name for several days.

"Mother," said he, extending his trembling hand, "Mother, does the Doctor think I shall get well?"

Alice hesitated for a moment, but the next, she said, "I fear not, my son—do you feel willing that it should be so?"

"Yes, mother—I am sorry to leave you and father, and dear little sister, but I have felt that I was going to die ever since the evening I asked you to go and walk with me. I feel very weak. How long have I been sick?"

"Only a week, my child—Does it seem to you longer?"

"O, yes, I thought it had been many weeks—so many things have passed through my mind."

Mr. Fleming came in at this moment, and with his wife, rejoiced over the restored reason of their child.—Alas! they knew not that it was but the flickering of the lamp on the eve of expiring in the socket.

After an interval of rest Walter again spoke.

"Father, dear father," said he, "the Doctor thinks that I shall not get well, I am sorry to go away from you, but I hope I am going to my heavenly Father—in my trunk you will find my Bible and Prayer Book that mother gave me last Christmas—they are for you, father, because you have not got any like mother's—and dear mother, I have been thinking what I could give you, and I have nothing but the box of beautiful shells that I gathered with Ellen on the beach at home—that is in the corner of my little drawer. You must give Ellen all my books, and my little garden with my sweet peas and golden coreopsis, that I have been hoping to see blossom."

He sank back exhausted—Alice offered him a cordial, but he shook his head. After a few moments he said, "I hope the Lord Jesus Christ loves me, and will put me on his right hand among his sheep. Mother—"

"Walter, Walter," exclaimed Mr. Fleming, as his head fell languidly on his mother's shoulder. The sweet child answered not. He was absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

Dark and desolate was the heart of Mr. Fleming, as he contemplated the remains of his child. No blessed word of promise found access there, whispering, "I may go to him but he cannot come to me." All was dark uncertainty, and he saw his first-born placed in the ground without faith in the promise that he should rise again.

But the blow brought him to himself, and to that inspired Word, that assured him that his child was not dead but sleeping. There he sought consolation, and there he found it. He studied, believed, and was a happy man.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," and the chastisement that had seemed to Alice the most severe that could have befallen her, was made to her the cause of thanksgiving and praise.

A. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Montgomery won his laurels amidst a crowd of competitors; the Muses were holding their carnival,—Campbell had delighted all, in whose ears the melody of our Augustan age still lingered, with the masculine music of the "Pleasures of Hope." Rogers won the heart with a tenderer tune, a more plaintive note, and a more polished versification—the very luxury of sound. Southey entranced us with the gardens of eastern fiction.—Wordsworth recalled our steps to the sylvan haunts, the glimmering lanes, the rustic springs, the bye way flowers, and all the thousand fountains of sensibility and nature. Coleridge, too, had called the children from their play, and the old men from the chimney corner, to listen to the mysterious adventures of "The Ancient Mariner;" and the blood rushed to the maiden's cheek at the gentle tale of the affectionate Genevieve. Crabbe held up the mirror to the harsh features of the most biting penury, and unlocked the sympathies of the bosom with his simple "Annals of the poor." At such a season as this, and when the sky was on fire with the glare of Byron's reputation, Mr. Montgomery solicited the suffrages of the public, and obtained them slowly but certainly. His was a species of poetry which steals gradually over the heart with a sober and soothing influence. He tempted the painter with no story of Arcadian valley, illumed by antique pageantry; nor seduced the enthusiast with a legend of vengeance or of passion; he brought nothing but what Purity might have written, nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse. "What may become of his name or his writings," is the remark of the poet in the preface to his collected works, "it is not for him to anticipate here; he has honestly endeavored to serve his own generation: and, on the whole, has been careful to leave nothing behind him to make the world worse for his having existed in it." Never will it be known, said Cowper, till the day of judgment, what he has done who has written a book. The amiable writer felt that the author was treasuring up a life within a life, condensing and distilling his intellectual spirit for the benefit or the destruction of future ages. Mr. Montgomery has directed his compositions mainly to the delight and improvement of the young, employing the golden chains of a graceful and cultivated fancy to draw up their contemplations above the clouds of sense. He has met with his reward even here in the admiration and esteem of the wise and the good. It is not, therefore, to adopt the imagery of his beautiful tri-

bute to Burns, upon his literary talents alone that we love to dwell; whether we compare him to the humming-bird gliding over flowers; or the eagle, with thunder in his train; or the wood-lark filling the heavens with music; or the nightingale melting our hearts with love, for none of these faculties in particular, do we dwell upon his character: it is rather for his noble advocacy of virtue and detestation of vice, that devotion delights to hail her "Bird of Paradise."—Church of England Quarterly Review.

THE DUCHESS DE BROGLIE.

The death of the Duchess de Broglie, daughter of the celebrated Madame de Stael, has been mentioned. We translate from the *Archives du Christianisme*, the following brief notice of her character.

"The Lord's ways are not our ways, nor are his thoughts our thoughts!" This is one of the passages of God's word, that even the most established Christian is constrained to repeat, when he sees disappear from the world unexpectedly and suddenly, individuals yet in the prime of life, whose continuance on earth appeared to promise so much that is precious to their families, to their friends to the church, to the poor, to the whole community which they seemed made to instruct and adorn. Possessing all that makes a woman loved and admired, and consecrating all that she had received to his glory who had been pleased so richly to endow her, it seemed that the Duchess de Broglie would for a long time yet make the light of her good works bright among us; and yet He, who knoweth all things and can do all things, hath seen it good to call this Christian soul up to her true country and home, and there remains for those who loved her, and who weep for her, only, the consolation of saying, It is the Lord's will! and what is for us a loss that cannot be repaired, and awakens the deepest grief, is for her, whom we mourn unspeakable gain—an entrance into perfect and everlasting joy. Let us weep with those whose hearts are torn, let us pray for that bereaved family; for God alone can heal those wounds, he only knows how deep they are; but let us also rejoice with her who hath entered into full possession of the treasure which it was given her to hold dear above all others—that communion with God which was her greatest enjoyment on earth, and which will constitute her blessedness for ever and ever in heaven.

The Duchess de Broglie was taken out of this world on the 22d of September, by a nervous fever, accompanied by an affection of the brain. During her illness, even in the delirium of it, her time was spent in prayer. She was one of those rare beings in whom one knows not which most to admire, the variety and richness of their gifts and graces, or the profound humility which habitually fixes their thoughts not on what they are in man's sight, but on what they fail to be in the sight of God.—Her elevated station in society, her fortune, her influence, her remarkable intellectual endowments, and the charm of her manners—advantages that would have so naturally been dangerous snares to one less single-hearted—were in her pious estimation talents entrusted to her by the Father of all, and which she often bitterly regretted that she had not used with more faithfulness and zeal. Sweet indeed is the thought of all that this excellent woman—without knowing, without suspecting, it—did among us by the example of her piety, of her charity, and of the frankness and singleness of heart with which she endeavored to extend the knowledge and love of that Saviour who had become her life and her only hope. With what warmth of heart would she give those Scriptures in which she had sought and found her Saviour, to the poor whose wants she supplied; and—what is far more difficult—to the rich, who from her hand would take the gift respectfully! With how deep an interest she assisted to sustain Bible societies and missions to the heathen! One of her last enjoyments was furnished by the visit of Mrs. Fry to Paris. The remarkable serenity, zeal, and calm activity, of this Christian woman, animated and delighted her; and she was thankful to find, by going with her to the prisons a new way to do good.

She was taken away by the same disease as her brother, Baron de Stael, whom she has now met, to be no more separated, in the bosom of that Saviour whom he also loved and faithfully served.—Vermont Chronicle.

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